



Such pleasing Scenes, of Innocence and Love,  
May faintly represent, the Blessed State above.



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May faintly represent, the Blessed State above.



*Little* MASTER'S  
MISCELLANY.

O R,

DIVINE AND MORAL

E S S A Y S

In PROSE and VERSE,

Adapted to the Capacities, and design'd for the Improvement of the YOUTH of both SEXES.

CONTAINING,

DIALOGUES on the following Subjects

[ viz. ]

On LYING, between  
FANNY and JENNY.

On PRAYER, between  
SALLEY and her GO-  
VERNESS.

On FISHING, between a  
MASTER and his SCHOL-  
LER.

On FOWLING, between  
BILLY and CHARLES.

On DEATH, between  
POLLY and her MAM-  
MA.

On DEFORMITY, be-  
tween ROBBIN and his  
MOTHER.

On the Sagacity of the  
EWES and LAMBS, be-  
tween PATTY and her  
PAPPA.

On DETRACTION, -be-  
tween BELINDA and  
her COUSIN GERMAN.

On the TULIP between  
JEMMY and his MAM-  
MA.

To which is Added,

Select FABLES, Moral SONGS and  
useful MAXIMS.

---

Thro' every gentle sliding Hour,  
May Truth and Virtue be my Guide;  
Nor soft Temptation find a power,  
To draw my steady Soul aside.

---

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THE  
P R E F A C E.



THE Vulgar Notion of Inducing Children and Youth to a Disposition and Love for Reading, by Admitting into their Hands, Books wrote not only in the lowest Taste; but such as Border too nearly upon Vice and Immorality, and by an easy Transition give a wrong Bias, and turn to the Mind, Vitate the Understanding, and leave bad Impressions behind them ; is so Palpably Gross, that one would hope, Common Prudence, and

## P R E F A C E. vi

and a very little Consideration, sufficient to correct such a Glaring Error, where any regard is paid to the Important Work of Education.

How far the following Essays may be Entertaining, or Useful, either in Correcting the mistakes, or Improving the Capacities, of those for whose Benefit they are Intended, must be Submitted to every candid Reader: The Critick no doubt may find many Inaccuracies, both in Composition and Language; but it may be observ'd, the Author is not Writing to the learned World, but to Children and Youth; and if it answers no higher an End, 'Tis perhaps a Considerable step towards their Advancement in the Paths of Virtue and Piety, to take off their Attention, by some innocent Amusements, from things Calculated rather to Impoverish; than improve their Minds, in a Benevolent Disposition and Temper.

T H E

THE  
INTRODUCTION,  
OR,  
YOUTH'S REQUEST.

I

**P**RESERVE me *Lord*, amidst the Crowd,  
From every thought that's Vain and Proud,  
And raise my Wondering Mind to see,  
How good it is to trust in thee.

II

From all the Enemies of Truth,  
Do thou O God preserve my Youth,  
And free my Mind from Worldly care,  
From Youthful Sins, and Youthful Snares,

III

**L**ORD in my Heart, tho' hard as Stone,  
Let Seeds of early Grace be Sown,  
Still water'd with thy Heav'nly Love,  
Till they shall Spring to Joys above.



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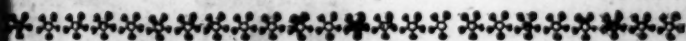
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Little MASTER'S

# MISCELLANY, &c.



## A DIALOGUE *between* FANNY and JENNY, *on* LYING.

Fan.



H A T makes you look so Melancholly and Dejected Sister? I hope you have met with no ill usage from any Body in the Family; nor any Disappointment from any of your Friends?

Jen. No Sister, my Uneasiness does not arise from either of the Causes you have mention'd, but I'm afraid my *Mamma* is Angry with me.

Fan. Your *Mamma* Angry with you, for what? You never see your *Mamma* angry with any of us with-

B

out

out Reason; but pray why do you think she is angry with you, has she told you so? I fancy if she was, she wou'd soon acquaint you with her Reasons for it.

*Jen.* No, but I think I can perceive it by her Countenance, she has rather frown'd upon me all Day, than smil'd as you know she frequently does upon all of us, that she has Reason to believe are Obedient to her Commands, and I am sure, I would never wish to displease her.

*Fan.* I have not perceiv'd any thing like what you seem concern'd about, in my *Mamma's* Behaviour; I am afraid Sister, you are Conscious of having done something that is not right, which is the Cause of your present Uneasiness.—Come prithee tell me freely, if it is so; we are alone, and I shall not do any thing that may add to your Grief, but all in my Power to relieve you,—Come dry up your Tears, and don't trifle, I am impatient to know what has befall'n you.

*Jen.* I am asham'd to tell you, but as I hope you will have the good Nature not to expose me, I will venture. You may remember my *Mamma* sent me this Morning to Mr. *West's*, to enquire how Cousin *Molly* and all the Family did; and as poor *Molly* has been so long Ill, I suppose my *Mamma* was the more impatient to know how she did, and my not making so much haste as I might have done, has displeas'd her; she told me I had staid to Chatter with some of my Acquaintance, which was but too true, for I met with Miss *Taylor*, and could not possibly get away from her, I believe she kept me near half an Hour; and for fear of angering my *Mamma*, I told her Cousin *Molly* was not Awake, and the Nurse kept me till she could give me

angry an Account what Night she had had, which she could  
was, not do till she awak'd, and she was fearful of disturbing  
it. her, before she had taken her natural Rest; but I am  
y her very sorry I did it, and have never been easy since,  
Day, for I am very sure my *Mamma* has a very strong Suspi-  
on all cion, if not a certain Knowledge that I have deceiv'd  
nt to her.  
ish to

*Fan.* I am glad Sister to see you under any Con-  
cern for having done amiss; but sorry you should not  
only deceive your *Mamma*, but be guilty of so great  
an Offence against God. Surely you cannot be insensi-  
ble, of the meanness and cowardize of *Lying*, if you  
your had ingeniously told my *Mamma* the Truth, I am very  
reely, sure she would easily have forgiven you; but now you  
thing may be sure she will suspect you even when you do  
er to tell Truth; this is the Disadvantage every *Liar* is under,  
don't they are always so much suspected, that its hard for  
ou. them to gain Credit, even when they have Truth on  
e you their Side, and appear ever so sincere in delivering it.  
will

*Jen.* I am very sorry I have disobliged my *Mamma*,  
e this and beg you wou'd let her know it, and ask her to  
*Molly* forgive me, I am asham'd to do it myself; but if she  
been will forgive me, and be reconcil'd to me I'll promise  
mpa- never to do so any more,

*Fan.* If I thought you wou'd keep so good a Re-  
olution Sister, I would do all in my Power for you,  
her; and don't question but I could prevail with my *Mam-*  
Ac- *ma* to pass it by. But you may remember I remark'd  
with something more to you than merely offending my *Mam-*  
her, *ma*, surely you have reason to ask the great God of the  
ar of Universe pardon, for having offended him; if your  
s not *Mamma* can perceive (as by her Behaviour you seem  
e me  
an

to think she can) that you have displeas'd her; Certainly, that God, that knows the Secrets of all Hearts, that sees the Behaviour of all of us, both in publick and private must be sensible of the Offence you have committed against him and his Laws. And not only so, but you must consider every Fault that you commit is more than doubled in the sight of God, when you tell a Lie to excuse it; for tho' you may deceive your *Mamma*, you can never deceive God. Surely if the Birds of the Air can carry the Voice of him that curses the King, and that which hath Wings can tell the Matter, as *Solomon* observes in the 10th of *Ecclesiastes* and the 20th, you can never wonder at the Providence of God bringing to Light a variety of the Sins and Follies of his Creatures. You see your own uneasy Conscience would not let you rest, without desiring forgiveness from your Mother, whom you have offended! 'tis a very great Blessing to have your Conscience tender; whatever you do take care to prevent its growing hard, by Sin and Folly. Remember Gods Eye is always upon you, and he can easily find means to punish you for your Crimes, tho' he never neglects to reward and bless those Children that are faithful and obedient to his Commands.

*Jen.* If you have the good Nature to solicit my *Mamma* in my Favour, I hope you will join with me in begging Pardon for my Offence of God, and as I did not mean it to offend him, I hope he will the sooner be prevail'd upon to forgive me.

*Fan.* I hope so too Sister, but give me leave farther to advise you, (though I hope my Advice may not be Necessary) if ever you fall into any such Mistake again,



gain, without any hesitation or delay, modestly acknowledge your Fault, by this you will not only obtain Pardon from those you have offended, but gain a Reputation by it, that will be a means to retrieve and establish your Credit again with your Friends, for whoever thinks you Sincere, in your present, may with much more Reason expect to find you Innocent in your future Conduct.

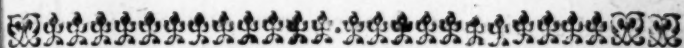




## P O E M.

**H**APPY the wise victorious Youth,  
 That pays a strict regard to Truth,  
 Where pleasure, pain or youthful Health,  
 Nor raised Hopes of flowing Wealth,  
 Nor prosperous Gales nor checking Rod  
 Can tempt him to offend his GOD.  
 If you for Dignity contest,  
 Let Virtue always be your Crest,  
 By Virtue you'll immortal Grow,  
 As Virtue in it self is so.

What e'er your state in Life may be,  
 Still let your Heart and Tongue agree.



A DIALOGUE *between* SALLEY and  
her GOVERNESS, on PRAYER.

*Governess.*

WHY Salley you are very brisk and lively this Morning, the more so, as you have a *Holiday* I imagine!

*Sal.* I am not disp'eased with it Madam, but I have rested much better this last Night, than I did some Nights past.

*Gov.* I fancy Child you have, by your lying so long this Morning; and if so, I hope you have not forgot to acknowledge the Goodness and Mercy of your *Heavenly Father*, who has not only preserved you in Peace and Safety during the silence of the Night, but raised you up in a heathful and active state of Life this Morning! If you had rose an hour or two sooner, and taken a Walk with me in the Fields, I could have shew'd you a pretty Example of a little Creature that seldom forgets to praise God; perhaps many Hours in the Morning before you awake, and Charms all the Inhabitants around him with his chearful and pleasant Notes, and does it all without being called upon by his Parents or Friends!

*Sal.* I believe Madam I understand you, I suppose you mean some pretty singing Bird, but its Natural you know for those little Creatures to sing, and so very common, that one seldom minds them.

*Gov.*

*Gov.* Why Child, is it not as natural for you to praise and admire your Maker, your kind and gracious Protector, by whose Providence you are preserv'd every Night, and every Day of your Life; and is it not much more reasonable, when you consider the Powers and Faculties that God has bestowed upon you, and the provision of Food and Raiment that he daily affords you, that such a Benefactor should as often hear you chanting forth his Praises, as the Birds of the Air?

*Sal.* I am sensible Madam, God feeds the Birds of the Air, that neither Sow nor Reap, nor gather into Barns, as my Bible tells me, and he likewise clothes them with Feathers, which are sufficient to fence them against the Cold.

*Gov.* Yes Child, and they pay him the most dutiful Acknowledgments they are able, no sooner does the light of the Day appear, but we find them soaring aloft towards Heaven, and exerting all the little Powers he has given them in chanting forth his Praises, to the Shame of many of his rational Creatures, who are under far greater and higher Obligations, as they have receiv'd more and greater Benefits from him. How often does he recover us from Sicknefs and Diseases! 'Tis not long my Dear, since he brought you back from the borders of the Grave, and therefore you have still more reason to Praise him.

*Sal.* I would atways wish to do it Madam, for I have had a great many instances of his Mercy and Goodness; but do you think that God who is surrounded with the Praises of so many Angels and glorious Spirits in Heaven, and ador'd and worship'd by so many of his Ministers and Servants here on Earth, will take any

notice,

notice, or pay any regard to the Prayers or Praises of such little Creatures as Children?

*Gov.* Surely my Dear, you forget yourself; don't you remember what Christ himself, the Son of God, says in your New Testament; *Suffer little Children to come unto me; and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.* 'Tis the Duty of all reasonable Creatures that depend upon him, to pay him suitable Acknowledgments; for you see his Blessings and Favours are not confin'd to the Angels and glorified Spirits in Heaven, nor to his Saints upon Earth. You and all your little Play-fellows, the Birds, the Beasts, and every creeping thing, is receiving Mercies and Benefits from him in some degree or other, every Day of your Lives.

I have observ'd you to be very thankful to your Pappa for the little Play-things and Trifles that he has given you, and hope you always will be so, as is your Duty; but surely, it is much more your Duty to be grateful to your *Heavenly Father*, who does more for you in one Day, than all your Friends in the World are able to do in their whole Lives. He not only takes Compassion on you in all your Infirmities, but has a power to relieve you in all your Distresses, as well as a will to do it. You may remember the Scripture tells you, *Like as a Father pitieth his Children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him*; and every one that fears him as they ought, will certainly pray to him and praise him. Let this be your Work, my Dear; the little Birds, as I told you, will set you an Example; if you will rise with the Sun, and walk into the Fields in a Morning, you will be sure of their Company, if you



you have no other, and may join in Concert with them; this will not only tend to the health of your Body, but give you an opportunity of improving your Mind, by an Observation of the various beauties of the Creation, here you will be surrounded, not only with the Harmony of the airy Songsters, but the refreshing Influences of that glorious heavenly Body the Sun, as he makes his first Appearance over the *Eastern Hills*; dispels the shades of Night, and gives a Chearful Countenance to the whole face of Nature! — The bleating Herds, — the lofty towering Trees, — the rural Fields, — the blooming Flowers, — and an infinite variety of the sweets of Nature.: All or any of these delightfull Subjects will afford you sufficient matter for Meditation and Praise, for Wonder and Amazement.

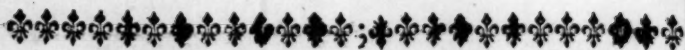




## POEM on the WOOD LARK.

**T**HOU pretty little fluttering Thing!  
 Thou signal of the coming Spring;  
 When from the Vales and Hills remote,  
 We listen to thy warbling Note;  
 Where every Symphony displays  
 The great Creator's nobler Praise.

Emblem of Innocence and Love,  
 By which we raise our Thoughts above!  
 That like the purling Riv'let shows,  
 The Fountain clear from whence it Flows;  
 That soothes our Cares, dispels our Fears,  
 While Nature all a Calm appears.



*A DIALOGUE between a MASTER  
and his SCHOLAR, on FISHING.*

*Master.*

**W**HY Billy, you are a strange untoward Boy, if I could bring you to be as fond of your Book as you are of your Play, I should then have some hopes of making you a Scholar, but while you are so fond of Rambling, I am afraid I never shall.

*Scholar.* I have only been Walking down by the River side, with my Angle-rod, Sir, and while the Fish were sporting in the Water, I threw in my Bait and Hook, and took a few small Gudgeons, but I think I shall not be fond of going a Fishing again.

*M.* Why, was you in any danger of being Drowned, or do you think your Success bad?

*Schol.* No Sir, I was not in any Danger, and as to my Success, I think I have had as much, or more than I should wish for, if I were to go again; for I can't but think it pity, and am sorry to destroy those pretty Creatures.

*M.* Why so Child, don't you suppose they as well as other Creatures, were created for the use of Man, and are they not a part of our Food, has not the God of Nature, the King of the Universe given Man a Dominion over the Creatures?

*Schol.* But I did not want these poor little Creatures to feed upon, or satisfy my Hunger, and therefore, I am afraid I can't answer destroying their Lives to make  
myself

my self Diversion; for I remember, *Sir*, you have several Times told me, I must never put any of God's Creatures to Pain to make my self Sport.

*M.* Why *Billy*, this is all very true, and I am always pleased to see the Principles of Humanity growing in young Minds. A Disposition of Cruelty, to our fellow Creatures, or even to the meanest Insect in the Creation, is what I would wish you always to avoid; there is not the least Question to be made but that every Creature can feel Pleasure and Pain, and many perhaps in a more intense Degree than either you or I should do; for it is observed by Naturalists, that *Spiders*, *Flies*, and *Ants*, have the Sense of Feeling in a much greater Perfection than Men. And *Pliny* says, that several Animals, as *Oysters* and *Earth-worms*, which are thought to have no other Sense, yet have this of Feeling; and if so, 'tis much better, and more Humane, not to add to any of their infelicities of Life, but more especially so, where it is done for Sport and Wantonness, as it is a means to promote habits of Cruelty and Folly. I am glad to find what I have said to you upon this Subject, has had so good an Effect upon you; you must always Endeavour to Cherish the Principles of Humanity, Love, Peace, and Benevolence, if ever you expect the Love and regard of either God or Man. You see Instances daily amongst your School-fellows, that are Fractious and Turbulent, and promoting Quarrels upon every little trivial Occasion, that those that are above them, and out of their Power always hate and despise them, and those that are below them, often fear them, but never love them.

*Schol.* We have a very remarkable Instance of this, Sir, in a Boy, that is Son to a Servant of my Father's, he robs all the poor Birds of their young ones that he can find in the Neighbourhood ; and seems to take a delight in the Cries and Lamentations the old ones make, when they find themselves rob'd of their all, which to me appears so brutal a Temper, that I am ashamed and afraid to keep him Company ; for tho' I am fond of the young ones, I never took any from the old ones without Reluctance, and when they have followed me with their Cries, have carried them back, and deliver'd them again into the Possession of their fond Parents, and must own I have felt more Pleasure and Satisfaction for the returning one back to its Owner, than in all I have ever taken away or destroy'd.

*M.* This, Child, is no more than the natural Consequence of a humane Temper and Disposition, and such a one, as if carefully observ'd and cherish'd, will not only tend to make you a good and useful Member of Society, and such as every one will esteem and love, but will render you (in some degree) like the Father of the Universe, who is daily shedding his benign Influence upon his Creatures all around him.

I might very justly remark to you, how readily the poor innocent Creatures, the Fishes, take the baits you so artfully prepare for them, by which all their Happiness with their Lives is destroy'd ; and from whence it will be easy to infer, how subject unthinking Youth is to catch at the destructive Baits and Snares laid for him, by the great Enemy of Mankind, the destroyer of Souls ; and if so, 'tis surely our highest Interest, not only to be continually upon our Guard, and to watch

again



# MISCELLANY. 15

against every Temptation to Sin, but to Cultivate every habit of Virtue upon our Minds, as Love to God, Good-will and Benevolence to our Fellow-Creatures, as these alone can render us amiable both to God and Man.





*A Moral SONG on FISHING.*

I

**W**ITH neither care nor fear Oppress'd,  
 E'er Sol doth Gild the Skies;  
 The Youngster quits his place of Rest,  
 And to the River flies!

II

He leaves the Sluggard doz'd in Sleep,  
 To meet the welcome Day;  
 And trace the wonders of the Deep,  
 Where Shoals of *Fishes* play.

III He

III

He gently casts his *Hook* and *Fly*,  
And on the Bank doth wait,  
Till some amongst the little Fry,  
Seize the destructive Bait.

IV

Thrown from the Element, alas!  
Their Natures all require;  
They toss and leap upon the Grass,  
And by-and-by Expire.

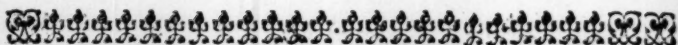
V

An Emblem of unthinking Youth,  
This to the Mind recalls,  
Who deviates from the ways of Truth,  
And into Ruin falls.

VI

So from the glade, the Wild-duck Springs,  
And gently speeds her way,  
And by her wet incumbred Wings,  
Becomes the Fowlers prey.





A DIALOGUE on Fowling, between  
BILLY and his Elder Brother CHARLES.

*Billy.*

I AM surpris'd Brother, you can take a Pleasure in these acts of Cruelty! — 'Tis true, you have destroy'd a Brace of the most beautiful Creatures, one of whose Feathers you cannot by all your Art form or create!

*Char.* I think Brother, I have a great deal more right to Destroy them; than you have impertinently to reproach me for it; pray what were they made for?

*Billy.* Not to indulge you in acts of Cruelty; I apprehend God made them for higher and more valuable Purposes; at least, I am sure he never gave you an Authority to take away their Lives merely to make yourself Sport!

*Char.* Why, don't every Sportsman do it, that takes a pleasure in the Exercise of such lawful Diversions as Shooting and the like?

*Billy.* By the same Rule, you might find Reasons for doing many things that it might be much more prudent to let alone; and tho' this perhaps may be lawful, yet I think there is innocent Amusements enow to be found in which there is less Cruelty, and where no poor innocent Creature needs be bereav'd of its Life; for tho' we may have a power over the Lives  
of

# MISCELLANY. 19

of the Creatures, I am so much a friend to acts of Humanity and Benevolence, that I would deny myself the Satisfaction of the best of Meats, sooner than be oblig'd like a Jew to Butcher the poor Creatures with my own Hands, even to supply myself with Food, and much less to make myself Diversion, at an expence so dear to them.

*Char.* From your own Reasonings, Brother, you seem to admit this is Lawful; and if so, I think there's not any just Objection to be brought against it; for pray how are the Lives of such numbers of People in the World to be supported, without the Destruction of those Creatures that God has given us for our Support?

*Billy.* God has given us a variety of Vegetables, as well as Animals, for the support of Life, and such as are perhaps more suitable to the habits and make of our Bodies; and we may frequently observe those People that live on little else, enjoy as large a share of Health, and often more so, than those that feed upon what we esteem a more solid Diet.

You'll please to remember, who has told us, *there's Things lawful that are not Expedient*; but admitting them Lawful as you suppose, for the same Reason, as I would not turn Hangman to execute a Criminal condemn'd by the Laws of my Country, so neither would I indulge those acts of Cruelty, Butchery and Inhumanity, that generally grow upon Persons, that accustom themselves to embrace their hands in Blood; as they are so much opposite to that Benevolence and Humanity, that I would always wish to Cultivate and Cherish.

*Char.*

*Char.* I am sorry, Brother, to find this old musty Fellow at *Nottingham*, has fill'd your Head with so many whimsical Notions; you had none of these before you were under his Tuition,

*Billy.* Surely Brother, you'll not venture to call Humanity, Benevolence, and a friendly Disposition towards every Creature that God has made, that is capable of feeling Pleasure and Pain, whimsical Notions! 'Tis true, my Master has taken a great deal of Pains to inculcate Principles of this sort upon my Mind, and I can't but think it my Duty to pay a Deference and Regard to him: He has frequently told me, it is cruel to bereave any Creature of Life, to make myself Sport and Pastime; and I am persuaded Brother, if you'd think deliberately, and impartially you'd be of the same Mind, for I imagine, you'll allow there may be *Beings* in the Creation, as many Degrees above us, as we are above the *Fowls* of the Air; and if so, you'd think it hard, that even these superior *Beings* should sport away our Happiness, and perhaps our Lives too! and would have a much higher opinion of them, if they were to treat you in a more friendly and benevolent Way! and surely such a Disposition must much more resemble the great Author and giver of Life.

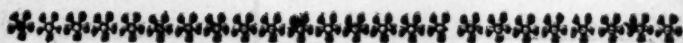
If Diversion is all you want, you may find a variety of innocent Amusements, without ruining and destroying the Happiness of those Creatures, that have the same dependance upon Providence for their Lives and Support, as you and I have; if God regards the Cries of the young *Ravens*, 'tis not unreasonable to believe he never neglects any of his Creatures, in whatever rank of *Being* he has plac'd them.





### *On the WOOD-COCK.*

**W**Hile Hails descend, and Winds tempestuous Blow;  
 And distant Fields, are cover'd o'er with Snow;  
 In shady Coverts, near some purling rill,  
 Nor distant far, from some exalted Hill  
 She seeks her Food,——The Sportsman soon decrees,  
*Rover* shall spring her thro' the spreading Trees;  
 He fires his Piece during her wild surprize,  
 And here alas! she unexpected dies!  
 And e'er she did the fatal Danger dread,  
 By random Shot, is number'd with the Dead,  
 Thus to voracious Man, she falls a Prey!  
 Who sports a Life of Innocence away.



## A DIALOGUE *between* POLLY and *her* MAMMA, on DEATH.

*Mamma.*

**W**ELL *Polly*, where have you been Rambling?

*Polly.* I have been Walking in the Church-yard Mamma, and reading the Verses upon the Grave-Stones till I think I am almost tir'd!

*Mam.* But your Eyes look red Child, what have you been Crying for?

*Polly.* Why *Mamma*, I saw several Graves that must have been made for Children that were about my Size, and are now very probably reduc'd to Dust; and I could not help reflecting with myself, that this might have been my Case, as well as poor Miss Gardener's; the sight of whose Grave, (as one of my dear Play-fellows,) drew Tears from my Eyes pretty plentifully.

*Mam.* But my Dear, you should rather have acknowledg'd the distinguishing Mercy and Goodness of God; that when he sent that grievous Distemper the *Small Pox*, under which poor Miss Gardener languished, groan'd and dy'd, he did not at the same Time, and by the same terrible Disease, call you to the dark regions of the Grave! as he has power to do, my Dear, whenever he pleases; he can arm Death with a thousand Darts, and reduce his Creatures to Dust by various unforeseen Accidents and Distempers.

*Polly.*

*Polly.* Pray *Mamma*, what do those two Latin words *Memento Mori*, which I observed upon several Tomb-Stones mean?

*Mam.* Why those words Child, have no relation to the sleeping Dust, but are design'd as an Admonition to the Living; and to such little Girls as you, while you are playing in the *Church yard*, and trampling upon the Dead; to tell you, that you must *remember Death*; and considering how apt we are to forget that Momentous Hour, 'tis necessary we should all of us be often reminded of it.

*Polly.* 'Tis very melancholly *Mamma*, to think of it, as it parts us from all our dear Friends, and from every Delight and Pleasure, and reduces us to Food for Worms, to Rottenness and Dust! For my Part, I should think it were better to forget it, than to make Life unhappy by frequently thinking on a Subject so disagreeable, and something we have not a power to prevent!

*Mam.* 'Tis not reasonable, *Polly*, that you or I should have a power of preventing, what that God that gave us Life and Being has decreed for us, and for all the human Race; don't you remember what your Bible tells you, that its appointed for all Men once to Die? and surely, he that made us knows best how to dispose of us, and what time is fittest for our state of Tryal here!—And you may farther remember, that the Judge of all the Earth will do right; he that made us and brought us first into Being, has surely a right to dispose of us as he pleases: and 'tis our very great Happiness, that we are at the Disposal, not only of a Being of infinite Power and Wisdom, but of a gracious,

gracious, benevolent, and merciful God, that is willing to bestow Happiness upon all his Creatures, that act Consistent with the reasonable Powers he has given them, and are not willfully disobedient to his Laws. Consider Child, that your thinking of Death, is not design'd to make you Unhappy, but quite the contrary; they, that often think of it, are most likely to prepare for it, by not committing any of those Sins and Iniquities, that will make them afraid of Dying: The Child that is disobedient to its Parents, that Steals, tells Lies, or is guilty of any bad Actions, is not only afraid, but asham'd to be brought into their Presence; either to implore their Pardon, or to be punish'd for their Crimes! And is it not a thousand times worse, to die in your Sins, and be brought into the presence of God, and there to be sentenced to Punishment and Misery? For tho' God is Merciful, he is nevertheless Just; and will certainly appoint such a degree of Punishment to all his rational Creatures that die without Repentance, and remission of their Sins, by the Blood of his Son *Christ Jesus*, as is the exact demerit of their Iniquities. If you often think of Death, you'll be afraid of Sin, as it is that alone that can make you unhappy in Dying. The Honest, the Faithful, and the Good, (such as I hope your *Play-fellow* was, that you have so much lamented the Loss of,) have nothing to fear; they enter upon a state of Rest unknown to us, and shall at the great Day of the Resurrection, have their happy Souls reunited to their new-raised Bodies; and enter upon a state of everlasting Happiness, in the Society of God, the Holy Angels, (and as the Scripture tells you) the Spirits of the Just that are made perfect.

*Polly.*

*Polly.* When you talk of the Resurrection *Mamma*, it seems mighty strange to me, how all the scattered Dust, that has been dispers'd from Place to Place, and all those rotting Bones, that are quite lost and gone, and perhaps have been so for many Hundred Years, should all be brought together, and every Part united into its proper Place, as I have often been told they will!

*Mam.* This Child, is quite beyond your Comprehension and mine; but the same God, who had a Power to Form and Create us at first, and who breath'd into us the Breath of Life, by which we became living Souls, has certainly a Power of doing all this. And as our b'essed Redeemer *Christ Jesus* is become the first Fruits of them that Slept, (as your Bible tells you) so certainly at the last Day, he will by his Almighty Power, awake all the sleeping Dead; in order to demonstrate in the Face of the whole World, the equity of his Proceedings, when the Wicked shall be sentenc'd to Misery, and the Just and Faithful, shall be receiv'd into Mansions of Happiness, where they shall be forever with the LORD.—Thus *Polly*, you see what Encouragement you have, to pray often to God for his Grace, to support you against Temptations; and to use your utmost Endeavours to live continually in his Fear, and to do nothing that may offend him; if you do this, you'll always have a Happiness in view, that will support you against the fears of Dying. See that you are a good *Girl*, and behave well, and remember the Verses which were wrote upon the Death of poor *Miss Gardener*.



*On the Death of a CHILD.*

**T**HE tender Branch, now cold as Clay,  
 The lovely Cheeks turn'd pale and wan,  
 The happy Spirit flown away,  
 An Emblem of the state of Man!

The pleasing Views, the busy Powers,  
 That crowd the Thoughts by Night and Day,  
 Now to a World, more bright than ours,  
 A world of Light, are flown away.

Peaceful Regions, free from Strife,  
 Encircled round with lasting Joys,  
 Will raise the Bliss of future Life,  
 And crown the Faithful and the Wise:



# MISCELLANY.

27

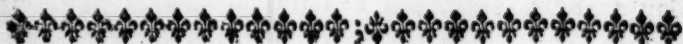
This Scene will soon appear in view,

This secret, *Polly*, you must try!

May friendly *Angels* just and true,

Attend you to the realms of Joy.





**A DIALOGUE** *between* ROBIN and  
his MOTHER, on DEFORMITY.

*Mother.*

**Y**OU are very grave *Robin*, what's the matter with you, are you ill? you don't use to droop in a Corner!

*Rob.* I am very well *Mamma*, but I should be glad if you'd let me go to the same *School* that my Brother *Jack* goes to.

*Moth.* You are not fit for it yet Child, when you are fit for your Grammar its time enough for that. But pray, why do you want to change your Master? I suppose he has corrected you for some of your rude Tricks, for I can see by your Eyes you have been Crying; pray what's the Matter; if your Master has us'd you ill, or given you any undue Correction, let me know, and if I judge it necessary, I shall have no Objection to removing you: but I expect the whole Truth from you, if I find you prevaricate and tell Lies, I shall take care to see you properly punish'd for it my self.

*Rob.* I assure you *Mamma*, I'll tell you nothing but Truth, for I think my Crime did not deserve the severe Punishment my unmerciful Master gave me; for I had not rob'd any body, nor call'd any bad Names,

nor

nor neglected my Book; I was only Laughing at a foolish Country Boy, that's lately come to our School!

*Mo.* Well, but pray what had this Boy done, that caus'd you to Laugh at him?

*Rob.* Why *Mamma*, he has crooked Legs, and a hump Back, and I remember seeing just such a Figure in the beginning of my *Æsop's Fables*, and I only call'd him the little crooked Philosopher, for when I saw how much he resembled the Picture, I could not help Laughing at him, as well as several of the other Boys did.

*Mo.* Fie fie *Robin*, I thought you had been better acquainted with the rules of Decency, and good Manners, than to have been guilty of such a piece of Rudeness; a rudeness not only against your School-fellow, but an Impeachment of the Wisdom of God: Don't you know that the same God that created you with an upright Body, and straight Limbs, created and form'd this poor crooked Boy, that you Laugh at and Dispile! and that if he had thought fit, he could have made you crooked and him straight; and pray let me ask you, suppose that had been the Case, would you have been pleas'd with him if he had scorn'd and insulted you, for a natural Infirmary of your Body, which was not in your Power to prevent? I am quite ashamed of you *Robin*, and if your Master had not punish'd you severely for such a Behaviour, I would certainly have remov'd you, but he has now laid me under too great an Obligation to do that, by punishing you for a Crime, that ought not to be forgiven; — Come don't cry, but let me hear of no more such Rudeness.

*Rob.* If you'll please to forgive me *Mamma*, and not acquaint my *Pappa* with it, I'll never make game at any Body any more.

*Mo.* You must be polish'd, *Robin*, as Lady *Altham's* Jewels were!

*Rob.* How's that *Mamma*?

*Mo.* Why, did you never hear the Story?

*Rob.* No, not that I remember.

*Mo.* Why soon after the Marriage of Lord *Bryson* to Lady *Weston*, Lady *Altham*, then living in the Neighbourhood, went to pay her a Visit; and amongst other Curiosities, Lady *Weston* gave her a Sight of her fine Collection of Jewels, which are said to be valu'd at upwards of Thirty thousand Pounds; a fine Diamond Necklace, a curious pair of large Ear rings set in Gold, several Diamond Rings for the Fingers of different Cuts, all beautifully set and polish'd, by the finest hands in Europe. Lady *Altham* was greatly oblig'd by so fine a Sight you may suppose; and told her in a pleasant way, if she'd honour her with a Visit, she thought she could shew her as valuable a Collection; Lady *Weston* was very much surpris'd, knowing that Mr. *Altham* was a Man of but small Fortune, not above four or five hundred pounds a Year, whereas, Lord *Bryson* had upwards of fifteen thousand.—Lady *Weston's* curiosity was very much rais'd, and she told her she would do herself the pleasure of waiting on her in a few Days; which she accordingly did, but was much more surpris'd to find so little appearance of Gaity in the Furniture of her Apartments, where every thing was Plain, but clean and neat. After the usual Complements were pass'd on both sides, Lady

*Weston*

*Weston* claims Mrs *Altham's* promise, upon which *Tea* being brought into the Room, Mrs. *Altham's* eldest Daughter, dress'd very neat but plain, waited on the *Tea-Table*; Lady *Weston* seem'd exceedingly pleas'd with her Behaviour, she was tall and well shap'd, and about Seventeen; she was of a sweet Temper, extremely Modest and Obliging: The *Tea Table* was no sooner remov'd, but her two younger Sisters came in with each of them a piece of plain Work, for their Mothers Approbation; Lady *Weston* had no sooner done admiring the Decency, and pretty Behaviour of these two younger Sisters, but a little Boy about eight years of Age, enters the Room, in a genteel Dress, bowing to the Ladies, and being just return'd from School, answer'd his Mother several little Questions very pertinently, and then with a Bow withdrew; Lady *Weston* admiring the agreeable Behaviour of four such beautiful Children, ask'd Mrs. *Altham* how many more she had, she told her, she had two little rude Boys more, but they were quite unpolish'd; she however, desir'd they might be brought in, when the Nurse was immediately call'd, and brought one by the Hand, and the other in her Arms; Lady *Weston* was exceedingly pleas'd with the Sight of six such beautiful Children, whose Minds seem'd form'd to Obedience, and whose pretty Dispositions and Behaviour was sufficient to recommend them to the nicest observer of the rules of Decency, and good Manners.

Well Madam, says Mrs *Altham*, as I had the honour a few Days ago of viewing your Collection of Jewels, I have now shewn you mine, and should be glad of your Ladyship's Sentiments, which you esteem  
the

the most Valuable; I have been at some Pains in polishing the four Eldest, and hope, as the other two grow capable of Instruction, I shall succeed as well with them.

Why really *Madam*, reply'd *Lady Weston*, I was never in all my whole Life more agreeably deceiv'd; nor would the sight of all the Jewels in the Universe have given me a greater Pleasure! I assure you, I can with a great deal of Satisfaction acquit you, and shall always be ready to own, that *Mrs. Altham's* Collection of Jewels is of ten thousand times the value of mine.

Now *Robin*, do you Imagine, that little Master *Altham* would have been guilty, of the Indecency and Rudeness of treating any of his School-fellows, as you have done this Country Boy? or, do you suppose his *Mamma* would have pass'd by such a breach of good Manners in any of her Children, without shewing a proper Resentment?

By this Lady's estimate, you see *Robin*, what a value is put upon good Children, that fear God, and are Obedient to their Parents and Tutors; let this be an Example to you, and if you ever expect to gain the Approbation and Love of your Friends, you must behave with the same Decency and good Manners, that you may observe in *Mrs. Altham's* little Son, whose Age seems very nearly to agree with your own;—but I wish your Behaviour were more consistent.





P O E M.

I

**B**Ehold the soft, the pleasing Smiles,  
That crown the Parents tender Care,  
And well reward the early Toils,  
Their wise and prudent Conduct share.

II

When traces of obedient Love,  
In early dawn of Life appears,  
These oft a sure Foundation prove,  
To crown the Hopes of rising Years.

Each

## III

Each leisure Hour is well employ'd,  
In Grace and Virtue to increase,  
Nor Indolence, nor sullen Pride,  
Disturb the growing social Peace.

## IV

Their Parent's Hopes they'll not defeat,  
By Passion for a tinsel Dress,  
Appearing modest, plain and neat,  
Nor Laws of Decency transgress.

## V

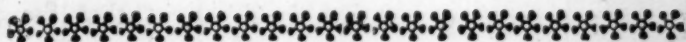
No Scorn or Criminal disdain,  
Does e'er their tranquil Minds disgrace,  
If e'er they give each other Pain,  
A falling Tear bedews the Face.

## VI

Such are the little Trifflers gay,  
Sweet objects of our Hope and Fear,  
That sooth our Thoughts by Night and Day,  
—Our Joy, or Sorrow centers here.

## VII

Thus Jewels may allure the Sight,  
And Charm the wondering Eye,  
But can't afford that true Delight.  
We from such pleasing Hopes enjoy:



*A DIALOGUE between Miss PATTY  
and her PAPPA on the Sagacity of the  
EWES and LAMBS.*

*Pappa.*

YOU have surely taken a long Walk my Dear,  
I expected your return an Hour ago!

*Pat.* Both *Billy* and I were fearful of disobliging  
you, *Sir*, or I believe we should not have returned so  
soon.

*Pap.* Why Child, pray what Entertainment did  
you meet with in the Fields, I fancy it must be some-  
thing Extraordinary, that could fix your Attention long  
upon any one Object?

*Pat.* We had a variety of Objects, *Sir*, but none  
pleas'd us so much, as those pretty little sporting in-  
nocent Creatures the *Lambs*; I believe we saw twenty  
or more of the *Ewes*, that were so exactly alike,  
that we could not discern any difference either in their  
Colour, Size or Voice; which we plainly perceiv'd  
their *Lambs* could! at which we could not help won-  
dering, and being surpris'd, that the little Creatures  
should be able to single out their Dams from twenty  
or thirty *Ewes*, that so nearly resembled each other;  
for we could observe, when they were playing at a  
distance from them, that as soon as any of their Voices  
were heard, the tender *Lambs* would post away, and  
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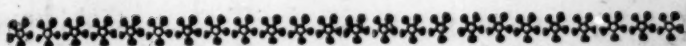
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for we could observe, when they were playing at a  
distance from them, that as soon as any of their Voices  
were heard, the tender *Lambs* would post away, and  
each

each single out its Dam from the rest of the bleating Herd; who no sooner perceives its Necessities, than each presents its young with the Teat, as tho' like a tender Nurse she was well acquainted with its Wants, and gave it a friendly call at a time she judged would be most convenient for its Nourishment and Support.

One of these little Creatures we observ'd seem'd to want the Call, some of the rest had just before receiv'd by its mournful Bleats, and forsaking the rest of its pretty Companions; but no sooner does the trembling Complaint reach the indulgent and attentive Ear of the Parent Ewe, who happen'd at that time to be feeding at a considerable Distance, but she in the most anxious and affecting Tone, (such as we imagine its young well understood) returns her bleating Answer; upon which the Infant Lamb, immediately runs and seizes upon the relief, that Nature and Providence had so wisely provided for its Subsistence. A third hastily runs for Succour to one to whom it happen'd not to belong, this refus'd it her Milk, but how soon was the mistake rectified! for no sooner does its real Parent, who was then mix'd amongst the Herd, give a single Bleat, but it immediately knows her Voice, and singles her out from forty or fifty more, where she is distinguish'd by all the marks of a fond indulgent Parent.

*Pap.* Why I must own *Patty*, this is very wonderful, and I am a good deal pleas'd with the pretty Remarks and Observations you have made; but pray can you guess from whence this Knowledge in these little Creatures arises?

*Pat.* I imagine *Sir*, 'tis something that God has implanted in their Natures, but I could wish to be better



better inform'd, and have been the more particular in my Relation of what we observ'd, in hopes of receiving some farther Information from you.

*Pap.* In this as in various other parts of the Creation, my Dear, you may observe the surpassing Wisdom and Goodness of the God of the Universe, the great Creator of the seen and unseen Worlds, in his having endu'd these Creatures with such natural Faculties and Dispositions, as in a very great degree surpass the understandings of mortal Men, and a Perception, that in many Instances appear like certain degrees of Rationality; such as seem absolutely necessary to their own Preservation, Support and Well-being.

If you follow any of this species of Creatures thro' the flowery Fields and Meads, you'll never observe them making choice of those noxious Weeds and poisonous Plants for their Food that would destroy their Healths or Lives; nor Drinking of those impure Streams, that would procure the like sad Effect; but on the contrary, Feeding upon what is suitably adapted by Providence to their Natures; and never to any Excess, but with appetites of Temperance, that may justly shame those that lay claim to much superior degrees of Rationality.

By Eating and Drinking no more than Nature requires for its support, you find these as well as all other Creatures, that don't exceed the bounds of Temperance, are less subject to diseases of Body; they are seldom Sick, or disorder'd from any of the Causes, from whence the human race, I am afraid, may often sustain Inconveniences, even to a degree that may not only shorten Life, but justly merit the dreadful name of

Self-murder.—Thus you see Child, what Lessons of *Temperance* may be learned even from our Herds and Flocks, to which I might add Lessons of *Love* and *Humanity* too.

*Pat.* Why really *Pappa*, I think there seems to be a more friendly Disposition amongst these lovely Creatures, than is often found amongst Mankind; for we never see them abuse their Young, as many Women do their Children, nor do we find them neglected and deserted, as we find many poor Children are by their Parents, who instead of endeavouring to preserve their Innocence, and bestow a suitable Education on them, by cultivating on their minds the Knowledge and Love of God, the principles of *Religion* and *Virtue*, we often find them influenc'd by their Parent's bad Examples, to Cheat, Swear, Lie, and break the Sabbath. How often have I heard little Creatures, almost as soon as they could speak, Curse, Swear and take the Lord's name in vain, and their Parents take no manner of care to restrain, or teach them better.

*Pap.* This a lamentable Case, *Patty*, and such as I am afraid, will one Day bring the weight of God's Judgments upon too many Parents that now make light of it. How few Children do we find duly instructed in the art of governing their own Passions, in Love, Humility, Temperance, Sincerity, and those other moral Virtues that would render them aimiable in the Eyes of God and Man!

*Pat.* The Flocks and Herds *Pappa*, may shame a great many Parents who have it in their power to provide well for their Families, but neglect them, and spend that Money in Liquor, and other useless Extravagancies,

vagancies, that would Cloath their Families decently, and afford them such Educations as might probably, prevent a great many unhappy Consequences in their future Lives.

*Pap.* Your observations my *Dear*, are very just, and we might trace the divine Wisdom and Goodness a great deal farther, by considering the great variety of suitable Provision he has prepar'd for the animal, as well as the rational World. The tender infant *Lamb*, is brought forth with a cloathing of Wool sufficient to fence it from the chilling Frosts, and other inclemencies of the Air; and is in a few Hours after its Birth, able to follow its Dam, and screen itself from a variety of Injuries that its liable to both from *Beasts* and *Birds* of prey. Another instance of the *Wisdom of God* you may observe, appears in the defensive Weapons these Creatures are furnish'd with, I mean their Horns; you see them frequently putting themselves into postures of Defence, and pushing with their Heads at any thing that offends them, even before they are grown to the length of an Inch; which is a plain Indication, that these (as well as many other Parts of the Brute Creation,) carry the plain marks or impressions about them, of a superintendant Providence.

*Pat.* 'Tis very true *Pappa*, but you have omitted one thing I have often wonder'd at, and that is the natural Sagacity of those little Creatures in seeking their Food; which I have observ'd they will do in a few Houts after they come into the World, and will find the Teat of their Dams without any human aid! So that Providence in this instance, seems to have been kinder to them, than to the human race, who for Years after they are brought into the World, are unable to

help themselves, and without the Assistance of their Parents, or Friends, must inevitably Perish.

*Pap.* The human Race my *Dear*, are generally Objects of the compassion and tender care of more rational Understandings; nor has God left us the least room to impeach his Wisdom and Providence, even in a single instance; having made sufficient Provision for the Necessities of all his reasonable Creatures, and endu'd many in the brute Creation, with such glimmerings of Foresight and Discretion, as quite surpasses all human Wisdom to account for; we may admire and wonder, but we can't comprehend the superlative Wisdom and Goodness of the great Creator of the Universe; the best of us (without descending below our selves,) may in these our Flocks, behold bright examples of Innocence and Humility; to which we may justly add, their great usefulness in Life; their Flesh feeds us, their Wool is one of the most useful parts of our Cloathing, and such as perhaps, no other part of the Creation could supply us with. I might innumerate a variety of other Beauties in the Creation, but as I know you are fond of Verse, you'll find some of them sum'd up in the following Poem, with which your Brother and you may amuse yourselves when you Ramble in the Fields again.





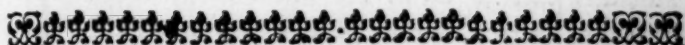
*On a fine Rural Scene.*

Sweet Contemplation to pursue,  
 Behold, a *Rural Scene* in View!  
 The bleating Herds, the lowing Kine,  
 The tow'ring Oak, the bending Pine!  
 The Air, from noxious Vapours free,  
 While *Squirrels* trip from Tree to Tree:  
 Fruits, Herbs, and Flowers, enrich the Ground,  
 The Songsters hov'ring all around,  
 Do each their various Fruits produce,  
 Some for Delight, and some for Use.

Behold O Youth, this Scene and see,  
What natures God has given thee!  
With wonder, view his great Designs,  
In which superior Wildom shines!  
Revere his Name, admire his Love,  
And raise thy Thoughts to World's above.







A DIALOGUE *between* BELINDA  
and her COUSIN-GERMAN, on DETRAC-  
TION.

*Cousin German.*

WELL *Belinda*, I hope our new *Curate* pleas'd you  
to Day !

*Belin.* Yes Sir, I apprehend the Gentleman preach'd a very good Sermon, but I was not in a Disposition to pay the same Attention to his Doctrine, as I fancy I should, if there had been fewer fine Folks at Church, but some People's Air and Dress will take off one's Attention whether one will or no ; pray *Cousin*, was not that very fine Lady, in the yellow Brocade, Miss *Lucy's* Relation from *Exeter*, that the Town has made such a Noise about ? I can assure you, I can by no means think her as Agreeable, as some of her Friends endeavour to represent her : as to her Person she's well enough, but she don't seem to have any tolerable taste for Dress ; I was surpris'd to see how irregular her Hair was curl'd, some locks quite open, others close, some short, some long ; upon the whole, she made a very odd Appearance, and seem'd to me rather in a dishabille, than in a polite Dress ; I would not infer any thing particular, from either the Lady's Behaviour, or Dress ; but I have heard some Things whisper'd at a certain *Tea-Table*, not much to her Advantage,

vantage, tho' I am not fond of repeating them, nor should I care to do it, but under the strongest Obligations of Secrecy, for its possible they may not be true, for the same Lady that mention'd them, did not divest her of all Merit; but allow'd she had really some very aimiable Qualities.

*Cousin.* Why really *Belinda*, without supposing me more partial in her Favour, than the Ladies generally are to their own Sex, I can't help entertaining a very different Opinion of her, from having several times had the pleasure of hearing her represented as one of the most inoffensive Creatures in the World, and possess'd of a very large share of good Nature, Humanity and Benevolence, from People of the best repute, that are not unacquainted with her real Character. The young Lady may possibly be too much a Stranger here, and the few Acquaintance she has made, may be conscious of her superior Understanding and Merit, which has been an old Motive amongst others, as well as the Fair Sex, for Envy, Detraction, and depretiating the Characters and Reputations of their Neighbours!

*Belin.* You are growing warm *Cousin*, — You'll by-and-by tempt me to suspect you Partial indeed, — if not, to judge from what Principles you are so! But I am sorry if I have offended you, or been guilty of any Indecency against the Character of the Lady, for I never desire to injure any of my Fellow-Creatures, I own, I have not the least Acquaintance with her, and the Account I have receiv'd was from common Fame; which is not always productive of Truth.

*Cousin.* I am sorry, a young Lady of your good Education should act with so little Caution and Prudence,

dence, for I rather impute it to a want of one or both of these, than a want of good Nature. I think you said some Things were *whisper'd* to the Lady's disadvantage, notwithstanding, the Whisperer allow'd she had some good Qualities. Pray give me leave to remark to you, that this is not only one of the most artful, but perhaps, one of the most effectual ways, of gaining sufficient Credit to ruin our Neighbours Reputation: The Accuser by a seeming unwillingness to discover the Secrets he's possess'd of, immediately awakens the Curiosity of his credulous Auditors! Then, under the strongest promises of Secrecy, (which they'll never refuse him) he has the fairest Opportunity of venting his Malice; and by dark hints and distant insinuations, a great deal more is often imagin'd and believ'd, than in strict Terms was spoken: And 'tis observable, whoever receives a Secret of this kind from one, is generally very fond of delivering it as a Secret to another, and so it passes from hand to hand, till it has spread over a whole Town, and Country; and there's too many amongst your Sex, that are so much pain'd in keeping a Secret, that they don't care how soon they are disburden'd of it.——But as the Proverb says, *If there were no Receiver, there would be no Thief.*

You'll excuse me *Madam*, if I have said too much upon this Subject; but my dear deceas'd Mother took the greatest Pains in my younger Years, to cultivate the principles of Humanity, and Benevolence on my Mind; and you know she had always the Reputation of one of the best of Women.

*Belin.*

*Belin.* I had always the highest Veneration for your Mother, nor is there any one whose Precepts would tend more forcibly to influence my Conduct, and I could now with Pleasure, ask the young Lady's Pardon, for whatever I have said that may detract from her Merit.

*Cousin.* I am glad to find you are convin'd of your Mistake, and hope for the future, you'll not give Ear to any reproachful Tales that may be told by the Malignant or the Unthinking, to the Disadvantage of those that are both Innocent and Honest. As to your Remarks on the Lady's Person, Dress, and Behaviour, tho' I think you a little culpable, I chuse to pass it over, and impute it to a want of Consideration, and perhaps not sufficiently knowing the World,—or rather than displease you, I'll call it Emulation; I'll only observe to you, that its too low an Employment for rational Minds to condescend to remark Fashions and Dress in places appointed for worshipping the divine Being; and hope, what I have said upon this Subject, will prevent your indulging any censorious Temper for the future; for I look upon a want of Benevolence to our Fellow-Creatures, as one of the highest instances of Meanness, and wherever its found, is the most certain Criterion of a bad Heart, and a deprav'd Mind. The Charitable and Benevolent, have always Friends; nay, even their Enemies are made their Friends by this Beneficent Disposition! *Augustus the Roman Emperor*, said, he was sure of his Friends, and therefore thought it Wisdom to shew kindness to his Enemies, that he might thereby gain their Affections.

Look

# MISCELLANY. 47

Look attentively around you, and behold a variety of beautiful Flowers, observe the different dye of every blooming Colour; these, without the least malignancy in their Dispositions, all grow and flourish upon the same plot of Earth, each receives its proper Nourishment from the same indulgent influences of the dropping Clouds, the early Dews, and the Planters Industry! and see if you can find any thing in this delightful part of the Creation, that favors of Pride, Censoriousness, a bad Temper, or a want of universal Benevolence.

Take a view of yonder distant Terras Walk, where the Fowls are plumeing themselves under the shady Trees, in all their gaudy Pride; attend their pleasing different Notes, and see if you can find any thing but Peace, Harmony, and Love amongst them!

Attend to the Voice of universal Nature, where you'll find no Jarrs nor Confusions, but resounding Ecchoes from every quarter, to the praise of its great Creator.



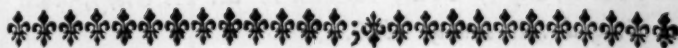
POEM.



## P O E M.

**T**O him that did the starry Worlds display,  
 Let every Creature stated Homage pay ;  
 " Let Thunder-clouds, that float from Pole to Pole,  
 " With salvo's loud, Salute him as they rowl ;  
 Trees that on Earth, in ample order grow,  
 The various Fowls above, and Fish below ;  
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, with vocal Planets sing,  
 The praise of Nature's, universal King.





*A DIALOGUE between JEMMY and  
his MAMMA, on the TULIP.*

*Mamma.*

**W**HY *Jemmy*, you seem very much delighted with your Flower, what, did you never see a Tulip?

*Jem.* Yes *Mamma*, but I never took so much notice of its Beauty before; I think the Colours appear much finer in these Flowers in the Garden, than in those my *Aunt* has been at so much pains in Painting on the Fire-Screens, which every Body admires so much!

*Mam.* Why that's no wonder Child, if you consider how much finer the immediate Works of the God of Nature are, than any thing that ever could be done by Art, you see every curious Artist endeavours to imitate Nature, and yet the most curious, could never equal it. You may observe the fine Carvings and beautiful Painting upon the new Altar-piece in the Church, are an imitation of Leaves, Flowers, and Fruit, which plainly shews, that the most ingenious Artist can find nothing so beautiful to copy after and imitate, as the works of Nature. And how far these exceed the most exquisite Power of human Artists, you may remark from what our *Saviour* said of the *Lillies*

F

of

of the Field, (which some Commentators suppose to have been *Tulips*.) That, *Solomon in all his Glory, was not array'd like one of these.*

But I think Child you only seem'd pleas'd with the Colours, which I own are very beautiful, but are by no means all the Beauties of the Flower. As you are a sort of Inquisitive young Gentleman, I should have expected you might more justly have enquir'd after the Nature, and Growth of these beautiful Flowers; every one of which have fine Tubes and Fibres, or Passages too fine to be observed by the naked Eye, thro' which the Nourishment or Juices that they receive from the Earth flow, thro' every Stem and Leaf like the Blood that is continually circulating thro' your Body and mine; and whenever this Circulation stops, either in our Bodies, or these Flowers, they soon wither and die!

*Jem.* This is very wonderful, but pray *Mamma*, if these fine Juices that you say nourish and support the Flower, arise and flow from the Earth and Soil, in which the Flower is planted, how comes it to pass that this Earth that appears to be so much the same, produces Flowers and Herbs of such a variety of beautiful Colours, and that there is so much difference, not only in the bulk and size, but also in the various mixture of the Colours?

*Mam.* You'll puzzle me my *Dear*, with such Philosophical Questions as these, which I can by no means fully Explain to you, neither will your Capacity at present comprehend things of this curious Nature; when you are grown a Man, and have gone thro' the various Branches of your Studies at the *University*, you'll

you'll be able to answer such Questions to your self, much better than I can, and as your Judgment and Faculties will be growing riper, you'll understand them better.

*Jem.* I am content *Mamma*, to wait till that time, as I'm afraid you begin to think me a little Impenitent, but as you were pleas'd to talk of their Nourishment by Tubes, Fibres, &c. I from thence concluded, that you had made these pretty Speculations, some part of your Study, and the Amusement of your leisure Hours!

*Mam.* Well my Dear, as I find you are possess'd of a little inquisitive Genius, I'll give you a few hints that may perhaps satisfy you, till you are capable of reading what the great *Mr. Boyle* has wrote upon this Subject.

The Earth which you say appears to be the same, is not so, for the different sorts of Soil, (of which there is a very great variety,) some more Fertile, other more Barren, some more, some less cultivated and improv'd by Manure, must naturally produce different Juices; which Juices, where their Quantities are small, from the Barrenness of the Soil, often produce single Flowers; when the Soil that has a larger Quantity of Juices, generally produces not only larger, but frequently double Flowers, as appears in the common, and *Clove-Gilliflower*, the *Carnation*, and many others. But when we come to view the variety, and beauty of the Colours of the vegetable Kingdom, we must as reasonable Creatures, and thinking Beings, revere, adore, and admire the great *God* of Nature! whose Bounty, Beneficence, and Love, all the Creation so largely shares.

According to the Sentiments of the best *Chymists*, the Origin, or first Seat of Colours lies in the *Sulphur*, which all Earth is in some Degree impregnated with; so 'tis from the different degrees of the maturity of the *Sulphur*, that the difference of Colours arises; the native Colour of it, resembles Gold; the next Degree, a shining Yellow; which gradually diminishes into Colours of a lower form, or degree of Beauty. These mixing in exceeding fine Particles, with the unctious watry humours of the Earth, are with the specifick Juices convey'd thro' their proper Ducts; where by the fineness of the Vessels, towards the extremity of the Flower, it receives the benign Influence, and warmth of the Sun, by which it is sublimated, attenuated, and concocted, till it is so far digested, as to receive the beautiful Perfection we behold it in; and the Flower being arriv'd to its full Maturity, you may observe some whose smells are disagreeable, others quite Oderiferous and Pleasant, which is occasion'd by their different Qualities, and some say by the different degrees of Heat; a Subject I shall not at present entertain you with, only as an instance of each you may observe; that in *Poppies*, and several other Plants of that kind, they are heady, and a decoction of them, is so far an *Opiate*, that a small quantity of it, has a tendency to lock up the Senses, and quite stupify the Understanding; while the *Carnation* on the other hand, is friendly and amicable to our Natures, affording us those balsamic Sweetness, with which we are so much pleas'd and delighted. But this my *Dear* is a subject I am by no means equal to; we may both look around us and behold a variety of Beauties in the Creation, that we can't at present Comprehend

prehend, this may raise our Admiration and wonder, to see in what a beautiful Situation the God of Nature has plac'd us!

But before I conclude, I might farther observe to you, that these beautiful Flowers have small Vessels, to convey so much *Air* for Respiration as is necessary to preserve them alive; and that they are fenc'd with Barks, and Skins to screen the Juices, by which they are augmented and live, from all the inclemencies they are liable to, either from Chance, or Nature. The *Flowers* you find embrac'd by Leaves, in order to defend, cherish and preserve their Fruit, when most tender and in its infancy from those *Airs*, and nipping Frosts that hinder their growth and maturity.

On the same Bank, you see the Sweet and the Sour, the *Refringent*, and the *Purgative* Plant; nay, I might say the *Poison* and its Antidote, growing in their different forms and various Colours, bearing their different Fruits, some more, some less, useful, and beneficial to Mankind, all serving the different purposes of the All-wise *Creator*; As the Poet justly remarks concerning the different Stations in which God has plac'd, both the Rich and the Poor among Mankind, the same will be found true both in the Animal and Vegetable World, from whence it will appear he has not made any thing in vain.

- 
- “ Wise Providence,  
 “ Does various Parts for various Minds dispense,  
 “ The meanest Slaves, or they who hedge and ditch,  
 “ Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich:  
 “ The Rich, in due Return impart their Store,  
 “ Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring Poor:

- " Nor let the Rich the lowest Slave disdain,  
 " He's equally a Link of Nature's Chain:  
 " His End's the same, joins in the self same View,  
 " And both alike the Will divine pursue,

*Jem.* I am exceedingly obliged to you *Mamma*, for the pleasing Information you have given me, but I plainly see it would be endless to trace the Wisdom of the *Creator*, thro' that wonderful variety that we behold within the little circle of our Observation; but how much more so, could our Eyes, or Understandings penetrate into the unseen Worlds?—But *Mamma*, when you tell me *God* created not any thing in vain, I sometimes wonder what use *Briers*, *Thorns*, *Thistles* and *Nettles*, can be of to us!

*Mam.* A little Reflection, my *Dear*, will shew you that these are by no means useless in the Creation; pray consider, how useful these *Briers* and *Thorns* are to preserve your *Tulips*, and all the rest of the *Flowers* and *Fruits* in the Garden, from being troden down and spoil'd by the Cattle in the Field on the other side of the Hedge! The *Nettle*, a plant frequently us'd in *Medicine*, may by its stinging quality, be preserv'd from being eaten up by *Beasts*, or destroy'd by *Children*; and *Thistles*, are well known to afford the best sort of *Albes* when burnt, for the making of fine *Glass*; so you see *Child*, you must be cautious in pronouncing any thing useless that *God* has made, before you are able to prove it is so! *God* always expects us to be modest, and not rudely censure any part of his *Creation*, tho' we can't immediately comprehend the use of it.





*On the TULIP, a moral SONG.*

I

**T**HE early Spring the Youth invites,  
 Abroad to Sport and Play,  
 Amongst the rural gay Delights,  
 To pass his Time away.

II

He Rambling moves from Place to Place,  
 To View the op'ning Flower,  
 While every soft and pleasing Chase,  
 Regales the coming Hour,

The

## III

The pleasing *Tulip* charms his Sight  
 With various Colours dy'd,  
 While all the different rays of Light,  
 Unfold its gaudy Pride.

## IV

By Songsters all around carress'd,  
 And free from noisy Strife,  
 With peaceful Satisfaction blest,  
 He Tastes the sweets of Life.



## Select FABLES.

*The WOLF and PORCUPINE.*

**A** WOLF asks a *Porcupine*, why still in Armor,  
As if she was Jealous, that some one wou'd harm  
her,

Whene'er I come near, your Quills seem to rattle,  
As tho' you intended, to charge in a Battle!

I shou'd not have ask'd, had I thought you were  
Vicious,

But now you are *Honest*, pray why so Suspicious?  
For surely when Beasts, bear each other good-will,  
'Tis odd, to go fortify'd over with Quil!

The

The *Porcupine* answers, in spight of your Reason,  
Where *Wolves* are, my Armour is always in Season.

### The M O R A L.

When a *Knave* is a Friend, we then may divine,  
He's certainly hatching some evil Design ;  
And those of all others, does soonest Deceive,  
Who are mostly by Nature inclin'd to believe:





### *The MONKEY and the CAT.*

**A** S Chestnuts in Embers, did roast by a Fire,  
 A Monkey observ'd 'em, with longing Desire,  
 But how to come near 'em, no method he saw,  
 Because he was fearful of Burning his Paw!  
 At last catching hold of a Cat that sat by him,  
 He pok'd with her Paw, and soon brought 'em nigh  
 him.

### *The MORAL.*

*The sly Politician to gain his own Ends,  
 Makes free with the Instruments, called his Friends:*

*The*



### *The GNAT and the BEE.*

**A** Gnat almost Starv'd, in a sorry Condition,  
 Pretended to be a most skilful Musician;  
 He comes to a Bee-Hive, and there he would stay,  
 To teach the Bee's Children to Sing, *So la fa.*  
 The Bee plainly told him, the way of their Nation,  
 Was breeding up Youth, in some honest Vocation,  
 For fear by their Labour, they shou'd not be led,  
 And then Curse their Parents, for being high Bred.

### *The MORAL.*

*Bad Singers, and Dancers, and Scholars are made,  
 Of People whose Genius, is fitter for Trade.*

*The*





*The Fox and STORK.*

**M**Eerly for Sport, the *Fox* thought proper,  
 To invite a Neighb'ring *Stork* to Supper;  
 Prepar'd a shallow Dish of Soup,  
 Which he at Pleasure cou'd lap up,  
 But vainly she, with her long Bill,  
 Attempts to feed herself the while;  
 Hungry and vex'd, away she went,  
 But soon return'd the Compliment!  
 Invited *Reynard* to a Treat,  
 A Jar of Glass contain'd the Meat!

G

But

But long and narrow, was the Neck,  
From whence the *Stork* alone could take  
Her Food, while *Reynard* saw the Feast,  
Which for his Life, he could not Taste!

*The* M O R A L.

Thus he who Laughs his Friend to Scorn,  
May well expect the like Return.





*The good natur'd MAN and the ADDER*

A MAN that had an Adder found,  
 Starved and Froze upon the Ground;  
 Brought her and laid her by the Fire,  
 When almost ready to expire:  
 Reviving, she an *Infant* spies,  
 And round the House in fury flies;  
 Upon the Innocent recoil'd,  
 And instantly Destroys the Child.

The wretched Father almost dead,  
 Soon lays his Club across her Head;

64      *Little* M A S T E R ' S

The vile Ingrate he soon subdu'd,  
Who thus rewards his gratitude.

*The* M O R A L.

Those who the innocent Trapan,  
Grow hateful both to God and *Man*;  
And often fall into the Snares,  
They laid for others unawares.



*The*



*The DOVE and the BEE.*

C Lose by a *River* side there stood,  
 A Tree, within a Neighb'ring Wood ;  
 A thirsty *Bee* came there to drink,  
 And falling in, began to sink !  
 A *Dove* sat brooding on the Tree,  
 Who saw the struggling drowning *Bee*,  
 And on a slender Twigg descends,  
 By which it to the Water bends ;  
 The *Bee* though in her dying Strife,  
 Crawls up the Bough and saves her Life.

Soon after this for want of Care,  
 The *Dove* was in the *Fowlers* Snare,  
 The *Bee* that Instant passing by,  
 Her great deliv'rer chanc'd to spy!  
 Does not deliberating stand,  
 But attacks the *Fowler* Sword in hand;  
 He feels her Sting, the first Essay  
 Lets fall the Net, amidst the Fray,  
 The *Dove* takes Wing, and flies away.

### *The MORAL.*

While *Doves* and *Bees*, seem both endu'd,  
 With some degrees of Gratitude!  
 By *Man* the great Creations LORD,  
 That hateful Sin should be abhor'd.







### *The NURSE and WOLF.*

**T**His little cross Brat, in an angry Tone  
Cry's the Nurse, to the *Wolf* shall be certainly  
thrown;

The *Wolf* hearing this as he rambled by,  
Perdue by the Door was determin'd to lie;  
But soon to his Sorrow, he hears Madam Nurse,  
While coaxing the Baby, give him a Curse;  
Poor Billy shall ne're to the *Wolf*, be a Prey,  
Come kiss me my dear, and we'll beat him away.

## The MORAL.

Thus baulk'd, cries the *Wolf* it is certainly true,  
What these People say they mean not to do;  
Tho' none of our Brats are found weeping and crying,  
Not a *Wolf* in the *Indies* is subject to Lying.





*The Fox and GRAPES*

**T**He Fox having formed a Luscious design,  
 To taste of the Fruit he observ'd on the Vine ;  
 After licking his Chops and jumping in vain,  
 A Grape, could by none of his Stratagems gain :  
 In a passion cries out, this Vinegar Fruit,  
 With a palate like mine, sure never can suit :  
 For all the Wild Grapes from the *North* to the *South*,  
 I'll not condescend to sour my Mouth.

*The*

*The*

*The MORAL.*

Thus what we desire we often Impeach,  
Despise what we long for, if out of our reach.

*The*



### *The Two Pots.*

**T**Wo Pots once down a Stream did pass,  
 The one was Earth, the other Brass;  
 Come near my Friend, and side by side,  
 Says Monsieur Brass, we'll stem the Tide?  
 I thank you Sir, for what you say,  
 But dare not come says pot of Clay;  
 For should we clash, with fear I speak,  
 Tho' you may Escape, I'm sure to break.

*The* MORAL.

The Stream's the World, the Pots may shew,  
The Rich and Poor tofs'd too and fro;  
The Rich may stand, the Poor must fall,  
The weak goes always to the Wall.



The





*The MISER and the APE.*

**A** Sordid Wretch who starv'd himself,  
 To hoard up heaps of useless Pelf,  
 To make him sport an Ape retain'd,  
 Which with his Dog he always chain'd :  
 For other Servants, none he had,  
 Their eating would have made him Mad !  
 One day, the Miser being out,  
 The Ape broke loose and rang'd about,  
 In at an open window leaps,  
 Where soon he found his Masters heaps,

H

Pug

Pug that ne'er own'd a Golden God,  
 Straight from the Window where he stood,  
 By handfuls now the Gold did fling,  
 Pleas'd on the Stones to hear it ring.  
 Nor less he pleas'd the passing Croud,  
 Who pick'd it up, and laugh'd aloud,  
 To see the Miser thus bereft,  
 For Pug threw on till none was left.

### The M O R A L.

This keeps the *Proverb* still alive,  
 That ill got Goods will never thrive,  
 Injustice like a Canker eats,  
 In vain the Father lies and cheats,  
 The Apish Son—mark well the end,  
 Much more than he can save will spend.





*The Lofty PINE.*

SEE by the Tempests angry Blast,  
 The lofty Pine all rent and tore;  
 Mean-time the lowly Shrub stands fast,  
 In her Humility secure.

Thus those who warm'd by Fortunes smiles,  
 Aloft in Wealth and Honour grow,  
 Are often snared by their wiles,

And when she Frowns she sinks 'em low;  
 While those whom Fate hath kindly plac'd  
 Beneath the vain excess of Power,  
 Unhurt can stand the threatening Blast,  
 And safely hear the Tempest roar.

*The MORAL.*

Then put no trust in Worldly things,  
If high thou hast the more to fear;  
For dreadful is the Wrath of Kings,  
If low, thank God, no Envy's there!





*The SATYR and his GUEST.*

A Satyr once within his Cave,  
 Made a poor Man his Guest, and gave  
 Him friendly welcome; but still cast  
 A curious Eye on all that past.  
 'Twas depth of Winter, thick it Snow'd,  
 The Man his aking Fingers blow'd,  
 And being ask'd the reason why?  
 To give them warmth he made reply.  
 But when as they at Supper sat,  
 He blow'd the Broath before he eat,

78 *Little MASTER'S.*

Does that want heat the Satyr cry'd?

I blow to cool it he reply'd.

Get out, vile Wretch! then said his Host,

Dost thou of thine own Vices boast?

For me, I will no Friendship hold

With one who blows both Hot and Cold.

*The MORAL.*

Those Tongues this Fable hath in view,

Who can whene're they please,

Speak good or ill, or false or true,

Avoid such evil Tongues as these.



The





*The Ass, the Ape, and the Mole.*

**T**HE Ass wants Horns his Foes t'assail,  
 The Ape bewails his want of Tail.  
 An honest Mole, that work'd hard by,  
 Hear'd their complaints, and made reply,  
 For shame leave off this rebel Cant!  
 You both possess the Eyes I want.

*The MORAL.*

Be with thy Lot content, and know,  
 What Heaven thinks best is always so.

*The*



*The THIEF and his MOTHER.*

A Thief to whom the Laws exhibit  
 The due reward of Rope and Gibbet,  
 Observing where his Mother stood,  
 Raining at either Eye a flood,  
 Requested, with the *Sheriff's* leave,  
 One moment as a short reprieve,  
 To comfort her afflicted Mind,  
 And leave a few sad Words behind.  
 This granted, strait the Thief drew near,  
 As if to whisper in her Ear;

But

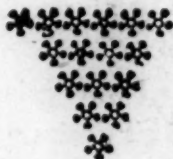
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But to the Peoples great surprize,  
 He Bit it off: Then thus he cries,  
 Good People! blame not, e'er you hear,  
 Tho' vile this Action may appear,  
 This wretched Woman merits worse,  
 For she deserves my latest Curse.  
 Had she chastis'd me, when I stole  
 The Horn-book, from a Child at School,  
 Instead of kisses which she gave,  
 I might have found a peaceful Grave;  
 She had not mourn'd her loss of Ear,  
 Nor I for this sad end come here.

### *The MORAL.*

Your Childrens minds, weed well betimes,  
 Lest Infant Faults grow up to Crimes:  
 Your Love by your Correction shew,  
 Lest God require their Souls of you.





*The MONKEY who had travel'd.*

**A** Monkey once resolv'd to roam,  
 To see, and bring new Fashions Home;  
 But had not travel'd very far,  
 Before he fell into a snare.  
 Poor *Pug* being thus a Captive made,  
 Was to a Lady's Room convey'd,  
 Where Day by Day he Favour gain'd,  
 "Proud as a Lover of his Chains."

The Beaus resort, he hears their Chat,  
 Now mimicks this, now mimicks that;

Learns all their Talk, and all their Airs,  
And in their Jests would still go shares ;  
In every courtly Art polite ;  
For *Pug* had sence, to do him right.

When having thus his Taste refin'd,  
And, as he Thought, improv'd his Mind ;  
He burns to shew each new got Grace,  
And civilize the Monkey-Race :  
So takes occasion, and escapes,  
And seeks again his Brother Apes.

The hairy Monsters round him press,  
Admire his Mien, his Strut, his Dress,  
His powder'd Back his dapper Wig,  
With pendent Tail, like that of Pig,  
His Sleeve, his fine embroider'd Coat,  
But most his flutt'ring Shoulder knot,

When thus the Coxcomb pertly cries,  
Hear me, ye Monkies !—and be wise.

The next in worth to Human-race,  
Know your own Rank, support your place !  
In Courts and Cities long I've been,  
Convers'd with Men, their Manners seen ;  
Their Dress, their courtly Arts I know,  
The Arts by which they Lord it so !  
Then copy me—reform your state ;  
And grow at once Polite and Great.

Seek ye to thrive and rise to Fame? —

Cast off that awkward Thing call'd Shame.

In flatt'ry, practice well your Tongue,

Dear flatt'ry charms both old and young!

And rich and poor, and small and great!

Nay, flatter those you scorn and hate:

And having thus made many Friends,

Why, use them for your private ends.

For take my Word, the prudent know

No other use of Friend, or Foe.

To be sincere—how means the Spirit!

Then still be sure to snarl at Merit;

For that obliges all that hear you,

And makes the modest Coxcombs fear you.

Lie with full latitude of Tongue,

For Scandal's never in the wrong.

Boldly to all things make pretence! —

Th' admiring World shall own your Sense.

I know Mankind—Reform your State,

And grow at once polite and great.

He spoke, and pleas'd the grinning Croud,

Who chatter'd their Applause aloud.

New Mischiefs now the Forrest rend,

Each bites his most obliging Friend;

The compliment he straight returns,

With Malice every Bosom burns;

While



While fond to rival Human ways,  
They snarling spend their wretched Days.

*The* M O R A L.

Thus the tall Blockhead whip'd from School,  
In foreign Climes improves the Fool ;  
Gleans Vices both from high and low  
And then returns—a Raree Show ;  
Importing, to a Nation's curse,  
Manners would make ev'n Monkies worse.





*The LEOPARD and the FOX.*

THE Leopard once, elate with Pride,  
Survey'd his Spots on every side,  
What Beauty's here, he cries, what Grace!  
Why should I give the Lyon place?  
Not he, but I o'er Beasts should reign,  
Conceited thus, with great disdain  
He treated every Beast beside;  
'Till thus the Fox rebuk'd his Pride.

'Tis

## MISCELLANY. 87

Tis true, Fools value outward show,  
The Wise and Prudent better know ;  
From them th' endowments of the Mind,  
True worth alone, respect can find.

### *The* MORAL.

Thus Coxcombs in appearance place  
Each Virtue of the Human-race :  
The out side trim'd, they're brave and wise,  
Have more than twenty *Argus*, Eyes.  
From Fools they admiration gain,  
But from the wise a just Disdain.





### *The Fox and Crow.*

**A** Crow who had some where been stealing a Dinner,  
 Held cheese in her Mouth till Reynard had seen her;  
 He runs to the Tree where she sat, and says he,  
 Are you the bright Lady I longed to see?  
 People say you are Black, but where is their Sight?  
 I ne'er saw a Bird of so lovely a White!  
 The Swans very fair, to give her her due;  
 But not of so fine a Complexion as you:  
 If your Voice does as much as your beauty excel,  
 You'll ravish all Creatures, whenever they dwell:

The

## MISCELLANY 89

The *Crow*, who Imagin'd her voice must needs please,  
Went to tune up her Pipes, and down fell the Cheese:  
Which *Reynard* catch'd up, Crying now spare your noise,  
You quite turn my Stomach, with that ugly Voice;  
Lets have a Cessation of those rueful strains;  
'Tis plain you have neither Voice Beauty nor Brains.

### *The* MORAL.

The Man that has plenty shall never want Friends,  
While flat'ring his Vanity answers their Ends;  
But when the Enchantment of Int'rest is gone,  
The Fool may be sure he shall meet with his own.





*The CRAB and her DAUGHTER.*

**A**N Old Mother Crab, thus School'd her young  
 Wench,  
 Daughter turn out your Toes, and walk like the French,  
 Move handsomly forward, observe the bon Grace,  
 And no longer crawl backward, with that aukward pace,  
 —Yes Mother I will, the Crabs Daughter did say,  
 If you'll be so good as to lead me the way.



*The MORAL.*

Example in Virtue, the Heart more Engages,  
 Than all the wise sayings of Doctors and Sages!  
 Fine Speeches are Vain, where Actions don't suite,  
 Whilst you talk like an *Angel*, and live like a *Bruce*





### *The Fox and Cock.*

**A** Cock on a Tree Advantageously Posted,  
 Was thus by Old Plausible *Reynard* Accosted ;  
 Dear Sir, there's no Bird that 'ere wore a Feather,  
 Can match you for Beauty and Wisdom together,  
 And O ! that you would but afford me the Grace ;  
 So great a Philosopher once to embrace !  
 How blest should I be, if by your Vicinity,  
 I might as it were, but touch your Divinity !

The *Cock* heard the *Fox*, with a very good will,  
 So tickled wi' praise, he could hardly sit still ;

At last down he flutters ; The *Fox* takes Occasion,  
 To Welcome his Friend with a rough Salutation ;  
 Says he, worthy *Prophet* your Skill you have shown,  
 You tell others Fortunes, but can't tell your own,  
 Now Juggle, now Conjure, show all your black art,  
 Without strong Enchantment, you'l certainly smart.

### *The M O R A L.*

In Nature it seems an Infallible rule,  
 That Flattery always supposes a Fool,  
 Who 'ere Loves the praise, the Scandal must bear  
 If slighted, it falls to the Flatterers share.





### *The Covetous Man and the ORCHARD.*

A Man that an Orchard of rare Fruit had gotten,  
 Spar'd all that was Ripe, and eat all that was rotten;  
 His Son got the Key, and thought it no Sin,  
 To bring a whole Gang of his School-Fellows in.

— Now Boys fill your Breeches, and hang him that  
 Spares,

So down go the Peaches, the Plumbs and the Pears!  
 Be sure says young Master, whats good and ripe gather,  
 And Leave all that's bad for my fordid old *Father*:

*The*

*The MORAL.*

A Poor sordid Spirit that doats upon Pelf,  
Tho' hated by all, suffers most from himself,  
He scrapes all his Life, and when he has done,  
Must leave it to some wild Extravagant Son.

*The*



### *The EAGLE and MAGPY*

**A** *Magpy* had try'd many ways to Inveigle,  
 And Ingratiate herself with a cunning court *Eagle*;  
 She thought her good parts and quick Apprehension,  
 Might give her Deservedly hopes of a Pension;  
 No Bird sure could show such a Tractable Soul,  
 Could Compliments pay, and could also Condole;  
 Her fancy in Dressing, was Airy and Pretty,  
 In tatling Discourse, she was charming and witty.  
 The Eagle saw well, that the *Magpy* had parts,  
 Confest her great Beauty, and worthy Deserts;



## MISCELLANY. 97

But could give her no place, his Eminence hating,  
A BIRD that was so much addicted to prating.

### *The MORAL.*

To Govern his Tongue, shows a Man o' more sense;  
Than he that to Wit makes the highest pretence;  
A Friend that's Defective in this kind o' wit,  
Is for the Degree of a Servant unfit.





*The HARE and the SPARROW.*

**A**N Eagle had seiz'd in her Claws a poor *Hare*,  
 Who earnestly beg'd that her Life he would spare;  
 A *Sparrow* sat by, saying where is the speed,  
 By which you from Danger pretend to be freed;  
 The name of a Racer will little avail you,  
 If in time of such danger your petty-toes fail you;  
 While thus the Impertinent *Sparrow* did talk,  
 Her felt Unawares was seiz'd by a *Hawk*;  
 The *Hare* even dying some pleasure did find,  
 To see the Vain *Sparrow* thus serv'd in her kind.

*The MORAL.*

Such Instances often discover too plain,  
 That the Wisdom of Fools is both useless and Vain.



*The WOMAN and DEATH.*

GOOD *Death* said a *Woman* for once be so kind,  
 To take me and leave my dear *Husband* behind :  
 But when *Death* did appear with a sour Grimace,  
 She started aside at his Ill-looking Face ;  
 And dropping a Court'ie she Modestly said,  
 — If you came for my *Husband* he's there in his Bed :

*The MORAL.*

Some needs will oblige you, and take no denial,  
 Unless you're so rude as to go to make Trial ;  
 Such Friends can never be seen at a Distance,  
 Unless a time come when you need their Assistance.



*The Disobedient SON and his CHILD.*

**A** Base Son his Father so ill had intreated,  
 That of his Estate the Old *Squire* was cheated,  
 His Head in an *Hospital* forced to hide;  
 With Food and with Raiment by others supply'd;  
 One Day the Old *Father* his Son did espy,  
 And calling him as he pass'd carelessly by;  
 One pair of Sheets being all his Request,  
 From him that his plentiful Fortune Possess't;  
 'The Son when the *Father* no more did require,  
 Was asham'd to refuse him his modest desire:  
 And calling his Child he gave his Commands,  
 'To deliver them safe to his *Grand-fathers* Hands;

*The*

# MISCELLANY. TOT

The *Father* soon heard he deliver'd but one,  
And ask'd the young *Varlet* why thus he had done ;  
Young *Graceless* reply'd, I kept it for you,  
When Old, you may dwell in an *Hospital* too.

## *The* MORAL.

Unmerciful Children, do commonly find,  
That Providence pays them at last in their kind.





### *The Partial JUDGE.*

**A** Farmer once made a Complaint to a Judge,  
 My *Bull* Sir ! an't please you by owing a Grudge  
 As they tell me, to one of your Worships fine Cattle;  
 Has slain him out right in a terrible Battle;  
 I'm sorry at Heart because o' the Action,  
 And want to know how i'm to make Satisfaction ;  
 — You must give me your Bull Sir, that's very plain,  
 Says the *Judge*, or pay me the price o' the slain ;  
 But I have Mistaken the Case says the *Clown*,  
 The *Bull* that is kill'd Sir an't please you's my own's.

The



# MISCELLANY. 103

The Judge soon replies with a very grave Face,  
Say you so Sir,—— This very much alters the Case.

## *The* M O R A L.

Men greatly delight to have strict Justice shown,  
In the Cases of others but not of their own.



*The*



### *The MOUSE and the FROG.*

**A** Travelling *Mouse* would fain pass a Moat,  
 But could not get over for want of *Boat* ;  
 A *Frog* that at last her designs did discover,  
 Undertakes on his Back to carry her over ;  
 And for fear she should perish by stress o' bad Weather  
 He ties his own Legs and the *Mouses* together ;  
 But when they were got in the midst o' the Water,  
 Down Ducks the *Frog* and the *Mouse* follows after :  
 While plunging in Water, and struggling for Life,  
 A *Kite* in the Air was reviewing the Strife ;  
 Stoops downwards and seizes the *Mouse* in her Claws,  
 And both from the Water Immediately draws ;

By

## MISCELLANY. 105.

By Devouring them both the *Frog* did soon find,  
As little Compassion as he had design'd.

### *The* MORAL.

The Justice of *Heav'n* our ill actions Surveys,  
And in his own way the Oppressor repays ;  
The Man that's the Cause of his Neighbours undoing,  
Both himself and his Fortune oft share in the ruin.





### *The Dying EAGLE.*

**A** Hungry Eagle while watching for Hares,  
 Was with a swift Arrow shot thro' Unawares ;  
 She Mournfully sigh'd before she Departed,  
 At viewing the Arrow with which she was darted ;  
 It appearing the Shaft, which the mischief did bring,  
 Was made up of Feathers took from her own Wing.

### *The M O R A L.*

No little Vexation a Person attends,  
 Who finds those his Foes that he took for his Friends ; And  
 Yet those are most wretched whose Miseries wholly,  
 Are owing to nothing so much as their Folly.

*The*



# MORAL SONGS.

## Ec.

*On the Death of a CANARY BIRD falling from the PERCH of his CAGE.*

I

WITHIN this House exempt from care and Strife,  
 A little *Batch'lor* spent a merry Life ;  
 And tho' his constant Drink was *Adams Ale*,  
 Seldom Told a Melancholy Tale.

II

The

## II

Till Life's Declension he was never seen,  
 Vapour'd or Hip'd, or Troubled with the Spleen;  
 All lov'd him but the Miller — Partial elf,  
 Because the Songster ground his Corn himself.

## III

Corelli's Airs, tho' Judg'd exceeding fine,  
 Were ne're like his, for his were all Divine;  
 He liv'd above the sordid use of Gold,  
 His best Performances, were never sold.

## IV.

Gratis he Sung, and therefore Gratis I,  
 Immers'd in Sorrow write his Elegy;  
 He dy'd lamented in a good old Age,  
 And left a silent Solitary Cage.







*On a Flock of LINNETS.*

I

IN the soft Season of the Year,  
 When nature smiles and all is Gay;  
 Their pleasing Notes with joy we hear,  
 Which chase our gloomy thoughts away.

II

The social Songsters fluttering sing,  
 And Rambling fly from Tree to Tree;  
 The Woods and Vales with Musick ring,  
 Nor are the lofty Mountains free.

III

While these with Emulation Vie,  
 Bewail O Youth thy sad delays;  
 For sleeping in Oblivion lie,  
 —Awake and Sing *Yehovah's* praise.

L

On



*On the Singing of a SKY-LARK.*

I

**A**TTEND my Soul ! while early Birds inspire,  
 Thy Grov'ling thoughts with a Celestial Fire ;  
 They from their Temp'rate sleep awake and pay,  
 Their thankful *Anthems* for the new born Day.

II

See how the Tuneful *Lark* is mounted high,  
 And *Poet* like salutes the Eastern Sky ;  
 He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his lays,  
 And seems the Beauties of the Morn to praise

But

# MISCELLANY III

## III

But Man more void of Gratitude awakes,  
And gives no thanks for that sweet rest he takes ;  
Looks on the glorious Suns new kindled flame,  
Without one thought of him from whence it came ;  
The Wretch Unhallow'd does the Day begin,  
Shakes off his sleep but shakes not off his Sin.



On

But



*On the ROSE.*

I.

**H**OW pleasant is the blushing Morn,  
 The welcome Harbinger of Day ;  
 The sweets that do the Fields adorn,  
 Invite the Youth to sport and play.

II

He screens himself from pearly showers,  
 While gentle Breezes fan the Sky ;  
 His Bosom strew'd with buding Flowers,  
 Of Crimson and of Purple Die.

Here

# MISCELLANY. 113

## III

Here Nature Beauties does disclose,  
Such as the highest wonder raise ;  
Amongst the rest the Blushing Rose,  
Delicious folding sweets Displays.

## IV

The scene with rural Beauty Drest,  
The Airy Songsters hov'ring round ;  
Ten Thousand Beauties do Reflect,  
With which the Joyful Day is Crown'd.





*On the BEE.*

I

THE little Insect speeds her flight,  
Now *Winters* blasts are O're :  
Ranging the *Meads* with new Delight,  
To seek Her flowry Store.

II

Behold, with true *Mechanick* Skill,  
She does her work review ;  
With sweets that Nature does Distil,  
She forms the parts anew.

III



## III

We see in the Minuteſt part,  
 Such ſtrokes of beauty ſhine ;  
 That far Tranſcend the rules of art,  
 And look like Pow'r Divine.

## IV

The little *Cells* built up with care,  
 In Ample Order riſe ;  
 And govern'd with a prudent care,  
 Attract our Wond'ring Eyes.





A DIALOGUE *between* a BLACK-  
BIRD and CHURL.

I

B. **H**OLD Sir, Dismount the fatal Gun,  
At whom most dire Rebound,  
A Creature that no harm has done,  
Must bleeding stain the Ground.

II

C. Thou little *Felon*, now be gone,  
Thou rob'st me every Day ;  
And *Cherries* thou wilt leave me none,  
If I should let thee stay.

# MISCELLANY. 117

## III

B. For shame why should thy Niggard Heart,  
At my small share repine ;  
We Airy *Songsters* claim a part,  
And claim by right Divine.

## IV.

Thy *Cherries* make me Sing more clear,  
And raise my Voice on high ;  
My glossy Wings more bright appear,  
My Musick fills the Sky.

## V

No more my little dues detain,  
To *Priests* a Tythe is due,  
We have our Fruit, as they their Grain,  
——— Ill do my Duty too.

## VI

Henceforward, let me Banquet free,  
Nor more Complain of Wrongs ;  
For what I borrow from thy Tree,  
I'll richly pay in Songs.

Useful

*Useful Maxims, and Moral Reflections.*

2 **W**HO are the People that generally talk Loudest?

A. Those that have least Reason on their sides, who Endeavour to support their cause by Noise and Clamour, when they have neither Understanding nor Skill to do it.

2 Who is he that is held by the Ear, as a Mastiff holds a Hog?

A. The Man that pays any regard to the Treachery of a Flatterer; who by deceitful and fine Speeches Endeavours to abuse his Understanding, and prevent his running away.

2 Who are they that Envy and Cavil at others that have more Wit and better Understandings than themselves?

A. Those whose misfortune it is to have but very little share of either.

2 What Masters have generally the least Business done?

A. Those that are Encumber'd with most Servants; — As those *Insects* that have the largest Number of Legs are most slow in their Motions.

2 Who are they that best Represent the Shadow upon a Dial?

A. False Friends, that are always present during the Sun-shine of Fortune, but absent when a Cloud over Shadows it.

2 Wherein

## MISCELLANY. 119

Q. Wherein is a Man best Distinguish'd from a Beast?

A. By the regular Government of his Appetites and Passions.

Q. Why are Men of Wit usually the most unfit for Trade and Business?

A. For the same reason that Beasts of Pleasure are seldom fit to carry heavy Burdens.

Q. Why does a Gamesters Ill luck often prove his good Fortune?

A. Because he perhaps resolves to Game no more, and gains wit enough by the loss of his Money to save him from Beggery.

Q. Why is an old Friend like an old Horse?

A. Because he's generally Hackney'd out in Service till he's past Drudgery, and then left to die in a Ditch.

Q. Who are they that seldom commend or praise their Friends or Neighbours?

A. Those that least deserve it themselves that having no merit of their own, envy those of Superior worth, and wish to bring them down to their own Level.

Q. What is one of our highest Attainments in Knowledge?

A. That degree of Modesty that teaches us to know, that we know but little.

Q. Why is Craft and Cunning rather the shame of true Wisdom, than the Proof of it?

A. For the same Reason that Paint is rather a disfigurement, than an Ornament to a Handsome Face.

Q. Why is Anger or Passion to be esteem'd rather seeming, than a real Friend?

A. Because it Exposes the weak side:

*Let*

Let no rough Anger Discompose,  
 The Tranquil, of thy sweet repose ;  
 But should it 'ere a Vict'ry gain,  
 Resume the Man, thy Peace obtain ;  
 And if thou woul'st not be undone,  
 Ne're let it see the setting Sun.

Q. Why is believing a Man honest said to be the way to make him so ?

A. Because if we distrust him without any just reason his Falshood afterwards will wear the Appearance of Justice.

Q. Why is wit in Conversation said to be like Salt to Meat ?

A. Because it Seasons the Entertainment.

Q. Why does reproof to a weak mind, often prove as Ineffectual as Physick to a weak Body ?

A. Because either not duly tim'd, or given in too large a Quantity, it leaves the patient worse than it found him, and the remedy proves worse than the Disease.

Q. For what purpose do Men throw small Quantities of Water into dry Pumps ?

A. To fetch more Water up, ——— As poor Men bestow small Gifts upon the Rich to obtain large presents.

Q. What is that which is like a Ship at Sea, without either *Ballast* or *Rudder* ?

A. A forward wit without either Judgment or Discretion, that Fluctuates at random, and is ever in danger from its unsteady Lightness.

Why



Q. Why are we subject to Question the Veracity of that Man that Backs his Word with Oaths and Asseverations?

A. Because we can't Reasonably expect the Man that breaks Faith with God, to gain Credit with Men, will pay any just regard to either.

The Swearers promise never trust,  
For who to God dares be Unjust;  
And break his Heavenly Fathers Laws,  
Where no Temptation is the Cause;  
Nor Gain, nor Pleasure can ensue,  
Will never keep his Word with you.

Q. What Advantage may we make of Flattery?

A. By hearing from the flatterer what we are not we may from thence learn what we should be.

Q. Why are Pedants that tumble over a great Number of Books compar'd to Gluttons?

A. Because they very rarely make any Advantage in Knowledge, for the Head like the Stomach being over cram'd cannot perform the Office of Digestion.

Q. What are those Services that turn to a Disobligation?

A. Those that we boast of, because they not only expose the Necessities of our Friends, but too plainly discover that we acted from Principles of Ostentation, rather than Friendship.

Q. Why may what a Man says of himself, be said to turn to his Disadvantage?

*A.* Because if he accuses himself, his Understanding is call'd in Question, and if he sounds his own Praise, we suspect his Sincerity.

*Q.* What is our best Remedy against Injuries?

*A.* Patience and Submission, as yielding to a fall when we find we cannot Escape it, does in some degree break the force of it.

May Threats of Foes, nor Friends Neglect;

Thy calm and peaceful Mind affect;

Act not below thy self, but be,

Above the Power of Injury!

Whoever wrongs thee, pass it by,

And let it in Oblivion Die:

Be thus Reveng'd,—— the Work's begun,

——Forgive it, and thy part is done.

*Q.* Why do bad People speak ill of others.

*A.* Because they think by Lessening their Credit, to save their own:

*Q.* Why is the Time of our Death, wisely conceal'd from us?

*A.* To Oblige us during Life, to Live in Expectation of it:

*Q.* Why is an obscure quiet Life, most Desirable?

*A.* Because a great Reputation like a large Expence, is not Easily supported:

*Q.* From whence arise the great Complaints we make against others?

*A.* From the little Reflection we make upon our Sins.

*Q.* To

Q. To what may we compare the Lives of many great Men, as we find them Recorded in History?

A. To a certain manner of Painting, that to find its Beautys must be View'd at a proper Distance.

Q. Who are they that grow Rich, by the Ruin of others?

A. Lawyers and Gamesters Box keepers, as those who engage in suits of Law, and those who engage in Play, are both for Recovering their Losses; and seldom leave off till they are ruin'd by the last stake.

Q. Who is he that may be said Effectually, to put himself from under the Protection of God?

A. He that Distrusts his Providence.

Q. When may Obligations be said to be Discharg'd?

A. When they that have confer'd them, make their boast of them, by which means the Person oblig'd is Forefall'd in his Acknowledgements.

Q. Why is a Thread bare Second hand Jest, said to be like a Thread bare Second hand Coat?

A. Because one exposes the Poverty of the Head, as the other does that of the Pocket.

Q. Why is the Commendation of a bad Man, never to be desir'd?

A. Because they seldom speak well of any but those that are like themselves.

Q. Why are the praises of good Men Dangerous to many Constitutions?

A. Because they are Subject to encrease our Vanity, and make us like *Esop's* Dog, by catching at the Shadow lose the Substance.

Q. Which

Q. Which is the best way to revenge Reproaches ?

A. Neither to Merit, nor Mind them.

Q. Why is good Advice, said to be the Physick of the Mind ?

A. Because tho' it may be taken with Difficulty, 'tis always kindly in its Operation.

Q. When may the Virtues of our Ancesters be said to become our Reproach ?

A. When we Degenerate from their good Qualities, and are our selves Strangers to the Virtues they posses'd.

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Now little Master whine and cry,  
Till dear Mamma consent to buy,  
The pretty little Gilded Toy, }